## SOME NEW BOOKS.

Two English Blaterians.

If one were asked what names in the list of England's prose writers, who are at same time graduates of the University of Oxford, are most widely known among Englishspeaking peoples, one would indubitably point to the names of Ruskin, Froude, and Matthew Arnold. But if only the opinions of those who are themselves writers or students were to be polled, it is certain that two other names -those of Edward A. Freeman and William now Bishop of Chester-would be Stubbs. awarded places in the very highest rank among the Oxonians who have rendered shining and abiding service in the most useful field of letters. These men, who by a happy coincidence have been auccessively called to occupy the chair of Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, have done more than any other men or than all other men combined, to elucidate the origins and intermediate stages of England's othnological, social, and constitutional history; have, in other words, done more than any others to provide us with the one sture instrument of interpreting the present and of coping with the future. We have reason therefore, to be grateful for the projected pub Bigntion of selections from the lectures delivered by these genuine promoters of sound learning In their professional capacity. The first volume of such series is now before us-Methods of Historical Study, by E. A. FREEMAN, and Lectures on Mediaval and Modern History, by Wil-LIAM STUBBS (Macmillan & Co.). Our reader will thank us for indicating the heads of the topics, for whose authoritative and fruit ful discussion they will see reason to treasure these books.

We take up, first, the Lectures of Prof. Free

man, although they were delivered later (for the younger scholar preceded him, who may be fairly called his master, in the Oxford professorship) because they raise and answer some preliminary inquiries of decisive import relating to the methods and aims of history. The truth, which he has labored to make the govrning principle of research, is happily by this time accepted and familiar. No one who has had the advantage of studying his writings need to be reminded that Prof. Freeman is in a distinctive and emphatic sense the English apostle of the unity of history, by history being meant the record of the trials and achievements of all those sections of the human race i whom by kinship or direct inheritance, physical or spiritual, the English-speaking people are profoundly interested. But although ill history, in which we are immedi ntely and vitally concerned, deserves, according to his conviction and incressnit inculcation, the epithet of "modern," begin ning, therefore, at a much earlier date and having a far wider sweep than were formerly assigned to it, he would give it, nevertheless, certain carefully defined and thoroughly intelligible limits. It is not contended that, as rerards the memorials of extinct nations, the tory of the civilization of the Egyptians, the Assyrlans, the Hittites, and the Phenician need form any part of the truly modern, because essentially consecutive and homogeneous, history which it imperatively be looves us to know. Neither is it maintained that, with respect to surviving peoples, the records of Japan, of China, of India, or even those of the Arabs, form inseparable section of the field of inquiry, which it is our special duty and interest to traverse. The history, whose title to modernity is unimpeachable, because all branches of it are interrelated in organic ways and are all indispensable to the modern European or American, begins, Prof. Freeman thinks, at the latest with the first Olympiad, if we should not rather start with the first extant revelations of Hellenic life and intellect in the Homeric posters. Setting out at this point, it will comprise within its scope the social and political evolution of Il the Aryan folk that have settled within the confines of Europe, and it will follow them to their latest coigns of refuge in America and Australasia. That is, as Prof. Freeman has throughout his life insisted, the one logical, intelligible, and eminently cuitful definition of modern history, though for the purpose of these lectures he is forced by the regulations of his professorship to accept under protest more arbitrary, narrow, and misleading limits. He accordingly dopts for a conventional starting point the lifth contury of our era, during which Teutonic peoples effected abiding lodgments within the oundaries of the Roman empire, and put an end forever-so far as any forecast may be irawn from the militarism now more than ever rampant-to the Roman peace. The essential unity and continuity of history

as above defined being once recognized, several ractical deductions spontaneously suggest themselves. We feel the cogency of Prof. 'redman's contention that history is past pollles, while politics is present history. We see hat, on the one hand, no man can interpret current events who has not a thorough knowldge of analogous or approximative situations in the past while, on the other hand, historians can only make the men and events of early epochs intelligible to us by illustrations and comparisons drawn from later times. It is, in other words, only by the comparative method which has proved such a potent engine of discovery and explanation in other fields of research that the student of history or the student of contemporary politics can hope to accomplish useful and enduring work. It also follows-and Prof. Freeman has done

nore than any other man to enforce a recogni tion of the inference in the training given at inglish universities-that when we study his tory by the comparative method we must be saure that the objects of comparison are materials of the same kind. We must not treat as sof equal weight the testimony of eyewitnesses with evidence transmitted at second or third Hand, and inevitably colored by posterior opinion. We must not compare, for instance, the setatements of Thucydides about the Peloponneselan war with the statements, let us say, of Hume about the Wars of the Hoses. We are not to think ecause we have read Henri Martin that we have studied the history of France in the second ontury of our era, in the sense in which we can tudy the history of the Mediterranean world in the second century before our era in the pages of Polybius. The pictures of the Rome of the first Casars given us by Tacitus are his ory at first hand; the glimpses of the Rome of he Popes as they come to us reflected or retracted in Ranke are history at second and ften at third hand. It is indeed preëminently i'reeman who has taught us by brecept and example that we do not study history at all if we only read such books as those of Grote and Curtius, of Mommson and Gibbon, which by a strange abuse of language are popularly knows as standard authorities. It is the original documents and contemporary records which were examined by those writers that constitute the real authorities; they alone supply the standards by which the trustworthiness of narratives can be determined. This truth, which should be obvious enough, whatever be the ubject of historical inquiry, has always been acknowledged at universities, so far as the tudy of ancient history is concerned; but when so-called modern history was for the first time awarded a place in the curricula there was a widespread notion that through nis domain of research ran a royal road to nowledge, traversable without labor, and with such of the entertainment derived from ovels, in the pages of Thierry and t Michelet, of Macaulay, and of Frouds. It was left for Freeman and for Stubbs to bring ome alike to examiners and students at Oxford the conviction that there is only one method of studying history in contradistine ion from playing with it and that the study avolves quite as hard work whether the period examined lies in the fifth century B. C., or in is tenth, eleventh, and tweifth centuries A. D. Nor will shy man be disposed to question ise assertion who, after laying down Thucy-

Latin which belong to the same entegory of contemporary testimony to the events recorded We have said that these ideas and principle have run through all Prof. Freeman's teach ings, and have been exemplified in all his wor during the last thirty-five years. But there is one passage in his inaugural lecture, d livered at Oxford two years ago in which his notion of a historian's duty is set forth with even more than his usual lucidity and energy We quote the passage both on this account and because Mr. Froude, although unnamed, is evidently pointed at as a representative of a different and delusive .conception of "The most ingenious and the history. most eloquent of modern historical discourses can, after all, be nothing more than a comment on a text. All that a historian can say of his own thinking, even all that the newest German book can tell him, will after all, be but illustrations of those original authorities without a sound and thorough knowledge of whose texts all our finest talk is but shadow without substance. To the lav and to the testimony, to the charter and to the chronicle, to the abiding records of each sucseeding age, writ on the parchment or graven on the stone-it is to these that he must go imself and must guide others. He must himset! toil, and, as far as in him lies, he must constrain or beguile others to toll with him at that patient study of contemporary texts, of contemporary monuments, which, to some minds, seems a good doal less taking than the piling together of theories, to be upset the next day some other theory. He must work to lay the foundation; when the foundation is once laid on the rock of original research a superstructure may be raised on it which may live through a good many blasts and storms of controversy." Then follows the unmistakable reference to Froude. "But he who without a foundation builds on the of theory, he who rushes at a diffleult and controversial period with no knowledge of the periods that went before it or of the periods that came after it, he who conceives of events, not as they are reported by those who saw them, but as may be convenient for some favorite doctrine, political or theological. philosophical or artistic—against such as these our Professor will hardly need to raise his voice of warning. He may spare himself the task: he may leave events to take their course: the house built on the sand will presently crumble of itself without needing any special

blasts and storms to sweep it away."

HI. It was claimed from the outset, by Prof. reeman, for the comparative method, that its faithful application to history would bring about a reorganization and refructification of learning in the nineteenth century only comparable with the resuscitation of learning in the Renaissance. With the cooperation of William Stubbs, Goldwin Smith, Thorold Rogers, and a score of younger students, he can now look for an approximate fulfilment of his prediction before the century has closed. We lately had occasion to review in these columns a book which Freeman would most heartily applaud, the beacon work of Thorold Rogers on the rise and fall of prices, which casts floods of light on the economical and social, and inferentially on the political history of England for six centuries. But we may, without dis paragement to any of the men who have been Freeman's fellow workers upon Freeman's principles, recognize a special debt of gratiude to William Stubbs. It is not too much to say that one who is not thoroughly acquainted with the writings of Stubbs cannot consider himself an educated person as regards the his tory of England from the middle of the twelfth the middle of the sixteenth century. If we may use, for the sake of convenience. term against whose applicate h to themselves or any modern commentators on past events both Stubbs and Freeman would strenuously protest, Stubbs is the preeminent "authority" with respect to the constitutional and politica history of Augevine, Plantagenet, and early Tudor reigns. It so happens, indeed, that the lectures selected for publication in the volume now before us exemplify the subjects which the Bishop of Chester has made peculiarly his own. They are subjects, curiously enough (the reigns of Henry VII, and Henry VIII), two of which at one time Mr. Froude was supposed to have preëmpted, while even with the third subject (the reign of Henry II.) the ordinary reader has probably been made famillar. chiefly through Mr. Froude's entertaining but vigorously controverted paper on Thomas A Beckett. It is because the current impressions relating to these thomes have been imparted to so large an extent by Mr. Froude, who ciaim to serious consideration is denied by all the painstaking historians of Freeman's school that we reproduce some of the judgments and tentative opinions in which Bishop Stubbs sums up the fruit of his tollful explo ration in the fleids skimmed over by Froude. Let us look first at his estimate of the much

Eighth Harry. Bishop Stubbs begins by denying the truthfulness of other portraits with which we are familiar. "I do not think," he tells us. "so badly of Henry VIII, as the received views of either his advocates or his enemies would suggest. I do not believe him to have been a monster of lust and blood, as so many of the Roman Catholic writers regard him I cannot accept at all the picture which Mr Froude has drawn. I think that even Lord Herbert's estimate of him is deficient in the perception of his surpassing self-wilfulness. To the charges based on Henry's matrimonial experiments the Bishop deems the obvious retort decisive that had Henry of England been a bad man as the fourteenth and fifteenth Louis were bad, he would have denied himself no indulgence in the case of female subjects like Anne Boleyn, Katharine Seymour, Katharine Howard, and Katnarine Parr, but he would have re lieved himself from many perplexities by refusing to contemplate marriage with his victims Bishop Stubbs has no doubt upon this head The unbappy, most unbappy history of his wives has brought upon him an amount of moral hatred which is excessive. Nine kings out of ten whom you may pick out of the list would have saved their character for humanity by simple self-indulgence. No absolutely prof. ligate king could have got into the miserable abyas in which we find Henry VIII, struggling during the latter half of his reign. I do not believe that he was abnormally profligate; in this region of morality he was not better, perhaps, than Charles V., but he was much better than Francis I. and Philip II. and Henry IV. But he was cruelly, royally vindictive; there was in him an ever-increas ing, ever-encroaching self-will, ever grasping and grasping more and more of power; a self will guided by a high intellect and that sort o sincerity which arises from a thorough beile in himself. I am not prepared to deny that deep, cunning, unserupulous men like Cromwell traded on the knowledge of his character but not one of those who tried to work their own ends through Henry escaped the doom to which false friends and open foes alike found

discussed and problematic character of the

It is so hard for us to admit that one man car do more than one thing superlatively well, that we cannot or will not see how the dry, hard persistent work of the mouser among parchments can be conjoined with the graces and emotional arder of the rheterician. The notion accordingly is current among those who know Stubbs and Freeman by repute rather than by a perusal of their writings, that it would be vain to look for anything like eloquence or beauty in their compositions. To those who suffer from this misconception, we commend the following passage in which Bishop Stubbe defines the fluxt impression which the massive individuality of Henry VIII. has left upon his mind. "I do not," he says, "attempt to portray him after my own idea; but I seem to see in him a grand, gross figure, very far removed from ordinary human sympathic self-engrossed, self-confident, self-willed; unscrupulous in act, violent and crafty, but justifying to himself, by his belief in himself, both English, old French, old German, or morkish who regarded himself as the highest justice. and who looked on mercy as a human weakness; and with ali this. as needs must have been, a very unhappy man, wretched in his friends, wretched in his servants, wretched in his loneliness, that awful loneliness in which s king lives, and which the worst as well as the best of despots realizes. Have I drawn the outline of a moneter? Well, perhaps; but not the popular notion of this particular portent. ed, solitary creature; a thing to hate, or to pity There is one other question incessantly dehated among the students of this reign, and we comments on the inscrutable father of the great schismatic. Was Henry the sole author

A strong, high-spirited, ruthless, disappointor to smile at, or to shudder at, or to wonder at but not to judge. I do not condemn him. God forbid, in whose hand are the hearts of kings." may do well to mark the answer given by Bishop Stubbs before passing to some of his of the rupture of England from the Papal system, or was he in his fateful contest with Rom merely the estensible director of a movement which would have gone on about as rapidly without him, as expressing the inflexible vo lition of the English people? It is evidently the conviction of Bishop Stubbs that, but for the personal interposition of Henry VIII., there would have been no separation of England from Catholic Christendom in the sixteenth century. But had the schisms not come then, it could hardly have come at all, for by the opening of the seventeenth century Protestantism had definitely succumbed in France, and the great pro-Catholic reaction was on the verge of setting in all over Europe. Our whole concep tion of the personal greatness of Henry VIII. and of the place he fills in history, will have to be transformed by those of us who feel con strained to accept the conclusions recapitulated by Bishop Stubbs in the following sentences: I think that after what I have said you will sllow me to say that I have grounds for believing that Henry VIII. was the master, and in no sense the minister of his people; that where he carried their good will with him, it was by forcing, not by anticipating, or even educating it. I am obliged sitogether to reject the notion that he was the interpreter in any sense of the wishes of his people; the utmost that he did in this direction was to manipulate and utilize their prejudices to his purposes. I allow fully the truth of the theory that the great principle of his policy was to obtain for his measures, for all his measures, the acquiescence of his people, and thus to invest them with a safe, irrefragable authority; but I must add that he knew how to turn opposition into acquiescence or to take acquiescence for granted. Further, I am convinced that he was his own chief. I might say soie, counsellor, no one of his other advisers, after the fall of Wolsey, succeeding in becoming anything more

than the instrument of a grand, imperious ever-encroaching will." Even Bishop Stubbs has been in some measure baffled by the seemingly impenetrable character of Henry of Richmond. Two of the lectures in this volume are devoted to his reign, yet after all the author hesitates to pronounce a definite judgment upon the king. He admits that "to the last Henry VII, remains somewhat of an enigma to us. Was he a great king? If it be enough to constitute a great king to have reigned twenty-four years without a single imparent peace a number of dynastic forces that had been struggling for a century; to have found England weak and poo and divided against herself and isolated in Europe, drenched in blood and impotent in internal government; and to have left her rich and at peace with herself, and growing in contentment and well administered, having a piace in the councils of Europe second to none Jurced on every side and able to make her weight felt perceptibly in the balance; to leave a full treasury and an uncontested title to his successor, and a reputation stained by nothing that in the eyes of his contemporaries bore the guilt of crime, then the reign of Henry VII. was a great reign and perhaps Heary VII. was a great king." So fur the description has upon the whole

the tenor of a panegyric, and reminds one a little of Cowley's diffident and ostensibly de preciatory estimate of Cromwell. But the qualifications are stated with candor and decision, if not with an effect altogether equal, 'If we look rather on the moral of the reign we may somewhat modify our opinion. We ook in vain for anything that would constitute him a hero or a benefactor. We find no great fault except his avarice, but even that cannot be regarded as the vulgar appetite for hoarding: and avarice in a king, who stitution, is perhaps really, and certainly in and which had suffered from royal prodigality for three conturies, a less fault than extravagance. Even avarice is not always fatal to th heroic character, if there be the elements of the true heroic character there at all. Henry VII was a virtuous man, sober, temperate, and chasto, notwithstanding great temptations to vice and an abundant store of loose example His household was kept frugally and severely all his advisers, except Empson and Dudley were men of character unstained, if not ener retic for good. For one better or greater king there are in European history fifty smaller and worse." Then follows the application to Henry VIL of a standard so rigorous that the eader cannot help wondering how his son would bear it—that son for whom, as we have een. Bishop Stubbs does not conceal a certain admiration and respect. "But still, is there in Henry VIL! any of that self-denying devo tion which gives itself for the people? Is there any true conception of the duty of a shepher of the host? Is there any impulsive well doing? I can see none. I see a cold steady, strongly purposed man, patient, secret circumspect; with not many scruples, yet not regardless of men's opinions; very clear-sighted, very willing to wait for reconciliation where there is a chance, and not hasty where vengeance is the only course; but ruthless where his own purpose is directly endangered and sparing neither friend nor foe where he is not strong enough to rely upon himself alone It may have been a nature too cold for popular love, or too self-contained to condescend t court it; there is no evidence that Henry VII

ever dreamed of winning it." By inviting attention to these volumes of lactures-among the most valuable products of the English press in recent years—we have hoped to convince the American publishing and readng public that by a wide circulation and care ful perusal of the historical writings of Free man and Stubbs we have very much to gain. I is no credit to us and a serious misfortune that nitherto such authors as Frouds and John Richard Green-the former a consummate master of rhetoric, and the latter a clever assimilator and diluter of the very men we speak of, Freeman and Stubbs-should be better known to us than those to whom the sound est of our historical scholars might well go to school.

Book Notes. "Baptized with a Curse" (Harper's Handy Series) to ombre story of considerable dramatic power, abound ing in action and forcibly told.

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Lee A Shepard of Ruston publish the fourth edition, revised, of Albert F. Blaisdell's "Study of the English Classics," intended as a handbook for teachers.

Band, McNaily & Co.'s " Pocket Atlas of the World" is be most compact and complete manual of the kind we nave seen. It is in the true sense of the term a pas

ercum. "Lives of Girls who Became Famoua." by Sarah K Bulton (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.), comprises a series of orief biographies of distinguished women of all nation

They are simply illustrated and readable.

A selection from the furces of John Madison Morton including the immortal "Box and Cox." is published in the last issue of Harper's Handy Series. Clement Scot has furnished a brief biographical sketch of the author Mr. B. F. Tweed's "Grammar for Cummon Schools' (Lee & Shepard, Boston) has the merit of brevity and perspicuity. It has been prepared at the request and with the assistance of the Eupervisor of Language and Grammar in the Boston public schools. A little treatise entitled "Educational Psychology,"

by Louisa Parsons Hopkins (Lee & Shepard, Boston presents the substance of a series of lectures delivered before a normal class in New Bedford, Muss. The author addresses hereof to both parents and teachers. The Appletons publish: "Elementary Leceuss in Greek Sputax," by S. H. Wississi, intended as an introduction

to a comprehensive treatise on Greek prose composi-tion. The words and examples employed are taken from the first three books of Xenophon's Anabasis. "The Little Master," by J. T. Trowbridge (Lee & Shepard, Boston), recounts the trials and annoyances to which a young country schoolmaster is subjected. As in all Mr. Trowbridge's stories, virtue triumphs in the

end, and the wicked come to grist.
"Ancient American Politics," by the late Hugh J.
Hastings, is published in Harper's Franklin Square Library. It comprises a brief political history of the United States from the adoption of the Pederal Constitution to the election of Gen. Harrison to the Pres

Paul Bercy's "La Laugue Française" (W. R. Jenkins is a successful attempt to apply what is known as the natural method to the instruction of pupils in the French language. It is in the form of a colloquy between teacher and pupils, in which, besides the elementary rules of grammar, a variety of useful information is imparted. "Christian Patience" (Catholic Publication Socie Company) completes a series of tractises on the Ohristian virtues, by Bishop Ulisthorne, a distinguished writer of the Roman Catholic Church in England. In the present volume the author has aimed to show tha Christian patience is the positive strength and dis-ciplinary power of the soul. We have received the third volume of "Actors and

Actremen" (Cassell & Co.), which deals principally with Edmund Kean, the elder Booth, and their contempora-ries. The work is judiclously edited by Brander Mai thews and Laurence Hutton, and the bi-graphical no

tices are invariably supplemented by criticisms by con temporary writers of ability. The Century Company publish "The Boys' Book o Sports," edited by Maurice Thompson. It comprise 'Narvin and his Boy Huntars," and papers on shooting no more delightful er, in its way, instructive book fo boys fond of play or adventure. The numerous illustra-tions are of that high excellence characteristic of the

entury Company's publications.
"The American Citizen's Manual," by Worthington C Ford, forms one of the "Questions of the Day" series it the course of publication by the Putnams. It describe with comendable clearness the functions of Government both Federal and State, with special reference to taxa tion and expenditure, the regulation of commerce and industry, the management of the public lands, &c. Regarding the silver question Mr. Ford's position is an-

tagonistic to that taken by The Sun.

Mr. P. V. Ramaswami, author of "The Tales of the
Sixty Mandarins" (Cassell & Co.), is a native of India, who was recently called to the English bar. He is intro duced to the reading public by Prof. Henry Morley, who commends these stories as "a real book of new fairy tales." They are sixty in number, and not one of them is without humor, invention, or point. Of commendab! brevity, and infused with sprightly fancy, they will alte nately agrees or instruct the reader. The lilustrations by Gordon Brewns form an admirable accompaniment t the text.

"The Buddhist Diet Book," prepared by Laura C. Hol loway, and published by Funk & Wagnalls, is a compila-tion treating of di-hes used by Buddhists in Europe and the East, interspersed with explanations of the religious convictions of this great sect regarding foods. The book is addressed in part to vegetarians, to whom it is be lieved that it will be of value. Mrs. Holloway has been for some months in Buddhist homes in England and Prussia, has enjoyed there the advantages of an unmixed egetarian diet, and writes with authority upon the

we are unable to see any special excellence in Mr Charles Dudiey Warner's "Book of Eloquence" (Lee & Shepard, Boston), containing extracts in prose and verse for the use of students in declamation. The extracts are, as a rule, too fragmentary, and those in verse are often trivial or commonplace. The compiler's apology for the production of his work, that it supersedes simi-lar volumes which have been so long in use that they have become irk-some to the student, is not available. a good compilation may be supplemented, but it cut carcely be superseded.

nearcety be superseded.
"Genius in Sunshine and Shadow," by Maturin M.
Ballou (Ticknor & Co., Boston), is a sort of common-place book, recording the fortunes of great men amid alithe chances and changes of this mortal life. The compiler exhibits a wide range of reading and has per ormed his task in a satisfactory manner. We notice tha speaks of ten cities as having contended for the or of giving birth to Homer. The couplet he mis

Reven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead.
Through which the living Homer begged his bread.
Mr. Robert Grant's most recent novel, "A Bomantic
Young Lady" (Ticknor & Co., Boston), strikes us as the

est he has written. It is mature in conception, col rent in plot, and describes persons very much as w may expect to see them in this world. One quality, no particularly noticeable in his previous volumes, is a mingled humor and irony, which reveals itself in his pictures of society, and in the delineation of such a character as Mr. Spence, the apostle of moderation, who is averse to marrying the herome because she is likely to become a great heiress. The moral is eminently sound and instructive, and the story moves with animation from the first page to the last. We have received from Belford, Clarke & Co. Part I. of "Memoirs of My Life," by John Charles Fremont.

The writer will dwell principally upon his Western geo graphical explorations, his Presidential candidacy in 1836, and the war of the rebellion. Connecting thesand naturally growing out of them will be given enough of his personal career to justify the title of "Memoirs" applied to his autobiography. A peculiar feature of the ook will be a series of illustrations of scenery between the Missonri and the Pacific from daguerreotypes taken by Gen. Fremont during his fifth expedition across the American Continent in 1853-54. The number before us contains a memoir of Senator Thomas H, Benton by his daughter, Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont. This promise

"A Phantom Lover," by Vernon Lee (Roberts Broth ers, Boston), is a ciever sketch of certain phases of in ore, assume, as cleaver search of certain passes of in-sanity. The author portrays her heroine, Mrs. Alice Oke, as a listless, indescribable but all too fascinating woman, with a "far-away look" and a "strange write-ness in her full, wide-opened yee;" but it is evident from the outset that this is the portrait of a mad woman, who in the end drives her husband mad and causes the story to have anything but a pleasant ending. This lady is the descendant of an old but uninteresting family, only two members of which seem to have had any taint of wickedness. These two, husband and wife, are sur lered a cavaller gailant who made love to the latter, and with a perverseness which only aberration of mind car explain Mrs. Oke becomes possessed of a violent passion for this unfortunate gentleman, whether in the spirit or in the flesh it is not easy to determine. The effect upon er husband is disastrous. There is but a mere thread of a story, the interest being concentrated in the person f Mr. and Mrs. Oke; but the local coloring is appl broad touches, admirably in keeping with the morbid and uncanny plot.

So greatly have the events of the war of the rebellion overshadowed military operations on this continent in-mediately preceeding it, that the flibustering expedi-tions of Col. William Walker in Central America in tions of Col. William Walker in Central America in 1855-'90 are almost forgotten by persons of mature age who were then alive, and comparatively unknown to the present generation. Mr. C. W. Doubleday's "Reminiscences of the 'Fhilmster' War in Nicaragua" (Putamas) will doubtiess revive interest in the matter. He was a warm friend and admirer of Walker and a participant in all his fillustering expeditions except the last and feats one in which thanks to causaisuit management. and fatal one, in which, thanks to conscientious scruples he declined to embark. He describes Walker as an enthusiast, of extraordinary courage and destitute o ulgar, petty vices, who contended for the empire o Central America in order to overthrow the dominant ecclesiastical tyranny established there. He particularly objects to applying the epithet "filibuster" to his old companion in arms. His estimate of the latter is charits. de, but not in accordance with that entertained of him hirty years ago. The narrative, however, is spirited I doubtiess strictly in accordance with the writer's ollections, and will help to illustrate an interesting and little read chapter of American history.

## A Novel in Three Chapters.

Scene—A wooded copse. There is no par-icular reason why the scene should be laid in a wooded topse. Anywhere else would have done just as well. esides, every one knows that cops are not wooded They may be, and very often are, wooden headed; bu etter change the scene and chapter.

CHAPTER IL Patricto Fisherti and Belinda Gradi were scated on a turret of a castle in the Rue di Mulberri—in reality they were seated on the roof of a tenement, but it sounds better put in this way—where resided the fair maiden's parents. The besutiful moon shone down upon them, wooing them to thoughts of love. Long had they eat there indulging in love's young dream. Helinda wore a far-away, dreamy look and a Mother Hobbard, and as Patricie gazed on her he was moved to say, in a voice that was as musical as a file, "Wilt thou be mine!" "Nay, may, Patricio," answered the maid, "The one I wed must possess a famous name. No common plet shall win my hand." If before the aurora gilds the hemisphere, as it were. I perform a feat that shall make me famous,

will thou be mine ?" 'Now you're shouting," was the gentle maid's reply.

CHAPTER III.

He kept his word. Before the bright orb of day had
fully risen he had accomplished a feat that made all men speak of him, and the morning journals ring with his fame, and sing peans of praise. All over the land from Mains to Texas, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, his name was heralded. He had jumped the Brooklyn Bridge. Fall of Luck.

"You don't mean to tell me that you have rhoumatism so had that you know when the weather is going to change a day shead?"
— Yet, "groaned the sufferer.
— Well, you're intanty inchy. I wish I could tell when the weather is going to change." PORTRY OF THE PERIOD.

Serrows of a Centenarian. From Pitch.

What have I done, that it should be my fats
To be so feted!
I've lived a century; with grizzied pate,
And strength shated.
I'm topping my tenth decade. What of that?
This test would try
My strength, had I the nine lives of a cat.
Why is it, why?
A hundred years are just a fundred years
Through which to grope.
Their passage leaves a man with fewsy fears,
And little hope.
Why tro me out! Why tire me, at my age,
With prolix speeches?
True, peaceful surfels may become the sage,
But these strange leaches
Would batten on my fame. Babblers, why make
Even senlilky known how to take
You! "Gloire a roun!"
Vainly your speech insideously soaps.
Or sleekly olis:
Its maudin sentiments, its florid tropes,
Are flattere's tolis.
I've lived a century because, you see,
Oblivious Death
Porgot—was the devourer kind to me!—
To stay my breath.
Is that a reason why, with fuss and fume
Of noisy praise.
Spoophants should accelerate my doom,
Shorten my days?
Felicitations! Bah! your gush sounds dreary;
Silence is beat.
A contenarian, if he's wise, is weary,
And cravas for rest.

Charity-The Sexton.

From the Ploncer-Press. "And who are you burying here, good man!" I asked of the sexton sear: And the old man gave me a rheumy stare As he pushed back the locks of his long white hair. "Fray, who are you burying here!" Then he gave his trousers a quick hitch up;
And with hand to his withered ear—
"We bury 'em all dwe foot and a half—
Five foot and a half," with a chuckling laugh—
"Four foot and a half in the clear."

He spat on his hand and bent to his work, Adown in the grave, and sang— The whole of his song I did not catch— This bit of an old-time graveyard snatch. In a mumbling, rhythmical twang:

"The Devil, he said, 'Now bury mine deep.
Now bury mine deep, now bury mine deep,
Now bury mine deep. To u know
I harvest my crop from the bottom, and so
The deeper the less the distance to go,
So bury mine deep, height." "And the dear Lord said 'Take heed, good man, Take heed, good man, take heed good man, Take heed and have you care; And do not peer through the coffin lid. Be tender, good man; do you as I bid, And bury them all with care."

BREWER MATTOCKS. Over the Crossin's

From the Springfield Republican From the Springfield Republican.

Shine!—shine, sor! Ye see!'m just a dyin'
Ter turn yer two boots inter giass.
Where yell is all this sights in the winders
Thought looking the yer pass, sor;
I'm punctional hasr, yer know,
Wattin' along the crossin'
Fur a little un, name o' Joe;
My brother, sor, an' a cute un.
Bally turned seven, an' smail,
But gettin' his livin' grad'ely
Tendin' a bit uv a stall
Fur Milerkins, down the av'oue.
Ver kin bet that young un's smart—
Worked right in like a ve'trun
Since th' old un gin 'im a start.

"Folks say he's a picter o' father, Lost when Joe wer a baby.
Way off in some furrin sea
Then mother kep' us togethe An' worked an' slaved au' froze an' stary
Uz long uz ever she could.
An' since she died an' left us,
A couple o' year ago,
We've kep' right on in Gragg alley
A housekeepin — I am' Joe.
I'd just got my kit when she went, sor,
An' people helped us a bit,
So we managed to get on somehow;
Joe wus allus a brave little chit—
An' since he's got inter bisness.
Though we don't ape p' luces an' sich,
'Tain't of'n we git right hungry,
An' we feel pretty tol'able righ.

"I need to wait at the corner,
Jest over the other shie,
But the thind the shie,
To see that he's safe across—
Sometimes it's a bit o' waitin',
But, bless yer, 'tain't no loss';
Look't there he is now, the rascal';
Dolgin' across the street.
Ter s'prise me—an'-look't ''m goin'—
He's down by the herses' feet!"

Buddenly all had happened—
The look, the cry, the suring.
The shieding Joe as a bird shields
Its young with sheltering wing;
Then shieding Joe as a bird shields
Its young with sheltering wing;
Then up the full street of the city
A name of the coming rush,
And through all the din and the tumult
A painful minute of hush;
A tumble of scattered brushes,
As they lifted him up to the walk,
A gath'ring of curious faces,
And snatches of whispered talk;
Little Joe all trembling beside him
Pashing the largered, after the grade
Then the still, white face.
At his buch the shut adslifted,
And swift over hip and eye
Came a glow as when the morning
Flushes the castern sky.
And a hand reached out to his brother,
As the words came low but clear:
Joe, I rack on ye mind our mother—
A minute back she wor here,
Smilin an eatline mot other
The leavin' yer smit so bad;
Hod hard to the right things she learnt us,
An'allus keep houest an' true;
Good-by, Joe-but mind, I'll be watchin'
Just—over—the crossin'—fur you!"

Zummer Eveen Dance From the Boston Evening Transcript. Came out to the parrick, come out to the tree. The madens an 'chape be a wanten var thee; There's Jun wi' his fiddle to year us some rech Some out along wi'us, and fling up thy heels. Come, all the long grass is a mow'd and a-carr'd. An' the turf is so smooth as a buoard an' so hard: There's a bank to zet down, when ya've danced a dance An' a tree auver head var to keep off the dew.

There he ruoses an' honeyzuks hangen among The bushes, to put in thy waset; an' the zong Of the nightingale's heard in the hedres all roun'; An' I'll get thee a glowworm to stick in thy gown. too come to the parrick, come out to the free, the mandons an'chaps be a wasten var thee; there's the wi' his fiddle to pleay us some reals; Come cost has a vi' us, and flux up thy heels.

To Fame. From Harper's Magazita "Bright fairy of the morn, with flowers arrayed Whose heauties to thy young porsuer seem Beyond the ceatagy of poet's dream— Shall I o'ertake thee, ere thy lustre fade? "Ripe giory of the noon, to dazzled even A pageant of delight and power and gold, Dissolving into untrage manifold— Do I o'ertake thee, or mistake my prize? "Dull shadow of the evening, gaunt and gray, At random thrown, bayond me, or above, And cold as memory in the arms of love— Have I o graden thee, but to cast away?"

"No morn, or noon, or eve am I," she said,
"But night, the depth of night behind the sun,
By all mankind pursued, but never won,
Until my shadow fahs upon a shale." R. D. BLACKMORE

> The Dying Umpire. From the Detroit Free Press. An umpire of the league nines, Lay dying at the plate. And the gory rocks about him Told the story of his fate. He had made a rank decision.
> And the crowd, in frency deep.
> Had shuffled off his mortal coil
> By rocking him to sicep. The catcher stood heade him
> As his life blood abbed away, And swung his bat with viz To keep the crowd at bay. The dying umpire beckoned.
>
> And the captain of the nine But the umpire's words came feebly.
> As the crisis was at hand.

Then he whispefed low and sadly, "Call the game, it's getting dark; Let it end on even innings."
So the last run do not mark. "I have finished watching bases;
I am numbered with the slain,
And the cry of 'rats' will never
Echo in my cars sgain. "Piace my hand upon the home plate; Let me have my little ma-k; Frame a set of resolutions; This is all I have to ask." The dving umpire faltered.

It is face formed toward the sun.
One gasp, and all was over;
It was his tast home run.

They buried him at twilight
In a hole they quickly made,
And no stone marks the lonely spo
Where the weary umpire's laid The Quaker Lady. From Harper's Magazine.

Oh, this quaint and quiet Quaker! Bended head would never make her More discreet or modester. Hended head would never make h More discrete or mid-ster. Hut the gallants pass her by. For with leader steadfast eye fitralight also looks up at the sky! Stroly, now, some brighter huse, latend of lawenders and blues. Would delight some jodly tellow. Would delight some jodly tellow. Or a golden intitedly. Ruset bee, with bands of yellow; Or a golden inuterfly At her best would toye and sigh. But to tak's no use, I know; Still in sober dress she'll ge. And her love of heaven will show And my Quaker lady awest. Living in her dim retree.

ARISTOCRACK IN ENGLAND,

out a story.

nan's scanty meal.

(Copyright, 1888, by Adam Sadean, ]

Dinner is, of course, the most characteristic

of all the aristocratic deremonies, at once the

most frequent and the most formal, the most

alaborate and the most enjoyable; but ever

this sumptuous and sensual pageant is some

times darkened by that shadow which enter

at rich men's feasts as often as at the poor

The last Duchess of Argyll, a daughter of the

famous Duchess Harriett of Sutherland, and a

gracious, stately woman, was dining with her

was struck with paralysis. The Gladstones

were present and other important people, and

the brilliant company shuddered as one of

arms. The sufferer was laid upon a sofa, and

the various members of her family were sent

for. It was the height of the season, and they

were dining out, scattered all over London

Sisters and daughters hurried in their satins

and diamonds to the room where the dying

Duchess lay, herself still "dressed for dinner.

but helpless as the humblest of the poor who fed

upon her charities. The Princess Louise was

her daughter-in-law, and wept with the others

as she kissed the palsted hands; but not even

royal sympathy could repel the fatal guest, in-

truding all unbidden on that stately scene

The Duchess never recovered her conscious-

I was once at a dinner when the same anx-

lety was not manifested. The hostess was a

woman of title, a widow and without children;

she lived entirely alone, but entertained a great

deal, and very good company went to her house

The dinner was not half over when the lady

fell back in her chair, apparently faint. One

or two of the company took her to the hall,

where she sat or lay for a few moments on the

stairs unable to ascend and shricking hysteri-

cally; but the guests returned to the table, too

high bred to exhibit further interest. Finally

she was carried to her room, only one of her

female friends accompanying her. I supposed

in my simplicity that the party would then break up, but it went on without the hostess,

and for all that I could perceive just as gayly

as if she had remained. There did not seem to

me a shade of added soberness. The carriages

ness, and died within a few hours.

their number fell back into the awful unsee

cousin, Lady Frederick Cavendish,

From the Boston Herald. Dinner Stories. Ex-Senator Bruce of Mississippi says he is going to prepare a lecture on his experience in the Sen-ate. "By the way." he continued, "did you ever know I meant to-day to be very didactic, and tell the lesson I learned from my study of the secret of my admiration for Roscoe Conkling! aristocracy in England, but I fancy this is al When I came up to the Senate I knew no one except Senator Alcorn, who was my colleague. When the plain. If not I can condense it into s word; for the moral of aristocracy is-Democ names of the new Senators were called out for them to up and take the oath, all the others except myself racy. I may therefore emulate the preacher were excerted by their colleagues. Mr. Alcorn made no motion to excert me, but was buried behind a newspaper, who announced thirteen heads to his discourse but when he noticed the long faces of his hear and I concluded I would go it alone. I had got about ers, judiciously explained: "At present I will half way up the sisle when a tall gentleman stepped up omit a dozen of them." I am sure my congregation will not complain if my sermon turns

see that you were without an escort. Permit me. My name is Conkling," and he linked his arm in mine and wa marched up to the deak together. I took the oath, and then he escorted me back to my seat. Later in the day then he secored me use to my series. Less he saked me when they were fixing up the committees, he saked me if any one was looking after my interests, and upon my informing him that there was not and that I was mysaif ignorant of my rights in the matter, he volun-teered to attend to it, and as a result I was placed on some very good committees and shortly afterward got a Chairmanahip. I have siways feit very kindly toward Mr. Conkling since, and I always shall."

AKECDOTES OF WELL-KNOWN MEN

lonator Conkling and Senator Bruce-A Re-

buke to Senator Alcora.

Modest Den Cameron. From the Washington Republican.
When Senator Don Cameron of Pennsylvania writes his name in a hotel register he invariably puts a

—J. D. CAMERON.

The dash isevery long, and begins where the page of the book is fastened in its place. If the register is a very wide book the eccentric dash of the Pennsylvania Senator is supplemented by an affix:

—J. D. CANEROR.—

Whenever he writes his name on the Fifth Avenue
Hotel register, which is a wide book, he uses the double
dash. A gentleman gives this explanation:

"I have lived in Washington, know Senator Cameron vell and the reason be uses a dash before his name He never uses a dash except on a hotel register. At the capital nearly every man has a handle to his name. When a Senator or General registers at a hotel, the clerk wifely adds the prefix, whatever it may be, and it apears that General So-and-so has deliberately written is entitis. Senator Cameron, instead of being a vain nan, is very modest and unassuming. The polite clerks put the prefix Senator to his name frequently on the registers, which was exceedingly repugnant to him. His imple request to leave off all appendages to his signature did not have the desired effect, and he hit upon the happy idea of the dash to keep anything from being written in front of his name. The front dash worked for a time on narrow registers, but finally the ingenious clerk wrote the word 'Senator' after his name. This nce, so the retiring and genial Senator added the affix dash."

## Cole, the Cattle Bayer. From the Chicago Matt.

Thomas Cole, the rich Kansas City cattle-man, bought cattle for Plankinton in Milwaukee in the '50s. He bought for Armour at Chicago when the house was started here. Now he buys for Armour's big Kansas City house. He began with the parent house, and has one after another been with each house in the train. He has grown rich in the service. In the early days, when cattle were driven east on the roads leading to Chicago, the horders sent word forward to Milwaukee to Plankinton & Armour that their drivers would be at Wankesha or some other station about such a day. That gave the cattlemen the benefit of two markets. If they could strike a bargain at some crossroads with the Mil-wankes men, they liked it. If they couldn't, they

pushed on to Chicago. Cole would put \$25,000 or \$50,000 or \$100,000 in his pockets, and with from ten te twenty helpers intercepted the cattle drivers.

There has never been a man in the country who could beat Thomas Cole in judging hoge and cattle on the hoof. It is said that John Plankinton and Sam Allerton are the only men who have ever equalled him. Cole, like old Unclo Daniel Drew, did his "figgering" in his head, not on paper. When young Phil Armour first went in with John Plankinton he did all he could to get Tom Cole to keep tab on his cattle purchases. He never made any headway. The old buyer would come back after a trip, sometimes with \$20,000, sometimes with \$50,000, sometimes with \$130,000 worth of hogs and cattle "Here's your cattle," he'd say, "and here's what's

left of the money." Then he'd go down in his trousers, in his vest, and his cost. It was Cole's buying that made the firm rich, and Armour soon gave over as a bad job trying to get the veteran to begin bookkeeping. He kept tab-in his head. He never kept any other tally. Armour tells how Cole once came back and said that there was a \$1,000 bill he afterward, when everybody had forgotten it. Cole felt something in the lining of his old jacket. It was the \$1,000 LIII.

## Brokers Can Box. From the Cincinnati Sun.

as if she had remained. There did not seem to me a shade of added soberness. The carriages came at the usual hour, the company bade each other good evening, and went on to their several drums and balis.

The hostess proved not to be seriously ill, but her guests could not know this in advance, and the uncertainty was not permitted to spoil their evening. Doubtless, however, they all left cards the next morning.

The gayety at dinner sometimes rises into hilarity. On a hot night in June not many years ago I was dining with a young earl. The party was composed exclusively of meu, all of high rank, friends and associates of royalty, members of the Mariborough Club, where at that time you were expected always to be in evening dress after 8 o'clock, as you might meet the Prince of Wales. The house was a Scotch one, and after we rose the piper was brought in. He had already passed three times around the table during dinner playing his bagpipes, but now it was proposed to have a dance, and two young noblemen were pitted against each other in a Highland fling. The rivals took off their coats and waistcoats and their evening shoes, and began capering with all the fervor of the stage irishman—leaping, brandishing their arms, whooping and shouting like Florence or Barney Williams in a favorite role. The others joined in, or took their turn, while the screech of the bagpipe accompanied and excited the performers. Once or twice the young host came to me in the corner where I sat watching this extraordinary scene in a London drawing room and asked me if I thought they were savages. But I was delighted to study the manners of the inhabitants, and begged them to go on. And they did. At the centre of the long room the young aristocrats now heaped up in a mass all the movable furniture, solas, ottomans, and chairs. Then nearly every man of the company in turn started from the lead of the room to lasp over the pile. Some stumbled, one or two fell, but most of them cleared the barrier. No one was hurt, tut clothes were torn, trous Howell Osborn, the son of the late " Charley" Osborn, who was for years Jay Gould's broker, and who died worth \$7,000,000, is one of the best boxers on the Stock Exchange, and now that he is to retire with an income of \$100,000 a year, granted him by his mother on condition that he leave Wall street, he may have more time to perfect himself in his favorite science, which he has studied under able professors. In fact, Wall as subdued in manner as the ordinary undemonstrative Englishman.

These young fellows had not drunk any great quantity of wine; their exhitaction was simply natural spirit, the result of high health, youth, and intimate company, and a feeling that whatever they did, their doing it made it appropriate. They were a rosticking set, but there was no vulgarity in their mirth, no coarseness even in their boisterousness. But they broke some very precious perceiain in their performances.

I once stayed at an old castle in the south of England while Mr. Motley was American Minister. His family were also guests, and the party was large and distinguished. It was during the sittings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and Miss Becker, an ardent advocate of weman's rights, had daily declaimed in a neighboring town, but had been unable to obtain a hearing from the savans. The young people of the party had been greatly impressed by the reformer's earnestness, and after dioner one evening they devised a new amusement. street brokers hire broken-down prize fighers to instruct them in the manly art, and some of these worthies actuthere. It is not safe for a Sixth ward rough to insult some rather dudish-looking brokers; there is danger of their letting go their right with the force of the hind

Conkiling at his Club.

From the Instanapolis Journal. Although his professional duties prevented Senator Roscoe Conkling from accepting the Presidency of the Cariton, he passes all his icisure time therein when not in court or out driving the speedy bay mare that Ed Stokes presented him in his exuberant delight over his speach on Jay Gould's rapacity in the recent great telegraph suit. There is a table in the dining room that is known as Mr. Conkling's, and it is always reserved for him. Though not practising Banting, he is very moderate in his selections. His favorite dish, both for breakfast and dinner, is English mutton chops slightly underdone, and baked potatoes very well done. He never drinks anything stronger than russet cider. He occasionally smokes a mild cirar. There is a cher. He occasionally smokes a nyld cigar. There is a capacious arm-chair in the reading room which he always appropriates, and which not even such an audacious iconoclast as the Hon. Thomas Porterhouse Ochitres would think of invading when there was the slightest possibility of his being around. According to club rou-tine Mr. Conkling is a very domestic man. He is always eady to join in the general conversation, but will never liscuss politics except with intimate personal friends.

William Falk Criticises the President. From the Boston Journal,

Mr. William Falk, a prominent merchant of charleston, passing through Washington on his way sack to the stricken city, is not pleased with the Presilent, although he claims to be a life-long Democrat. He says: "One thing seems also to have been pretty well demonstrated by the recent calamity, and that is that our President was not equal to the exigencies of the situation. It was reserved for Queen Victoria to set him the example which common humanity should have dictated, and while our people did not particularly deire pecuniary aid, they thought the President of the United States might have telegraphed his sympathy for their affliction. South Carolinians will not forret this slight in a hurry, and it would not surprise me to see a Cleveland delegation defeated at the primaries before the big convention takes place in 1888,

> Phil Armone's Charities. From the Market Journal and Price Current.

Gorgeously clad ushers constantly marshal to him long lines of returned missionaries, broken down clergymen, widowa, and bootblacks with credentials from their Sunday school teachers. No matter how busy he may be, he still finds time to hear each tale of want and wor, and his sympathetic bosom is quick to respond to every pitcous appeal for aid. No truly de serving person over leaves his presence without a check for at least a million dollars to relieve immediate neces-sities. Although his benefactions are almost universal Mr. Armour's chief delight is to assist in the building up of struggling African churches, and many thousands of these institutions owe their present flourishing condition solely to his unstinted electrosynary aid.

"Receiving the Bull the Stub."

but had been unable to obtain a hearing from the savans. The young people of the party had been greatly impressed by the reformer's earnestness, and after dinner one evening they devised a new amusement.

A cousin of the host, a dever young man, who was slight and short, was dressed in woman's clothes. He borrowed a false front of hair from the housekeeper, as well as a bonnet and gown. Then when the citers were seated at their cards, the butter announced that Miss Becker was in the vestibule and seemed determined to see "my tord." The part was not inclined to favor the lady's aspirations, and requested his son to see out and put her off. But the son soon returned to say that this was impossible, and Miss Secker followed him into the room, insisting on her right to speak to the President of the British Association—none other than the earl. She declared that she must be allowed to present her views, and as she could get no proper hearing in public, she had come all the way from the town to appeal to his lordship in person. The son here warned his father of the mummery, and the elder nobleman carried on the joke, declaring with a certain dignity that however much he might be disposed to accede to Miss Becker's request, it would be impossible to do this without consuiting his colleagues.

The undaunted female then appealed to Mr. Mottey, as the representative of the great American republic the foremost liberal country in the world, where all advanced onliness find their home. She implored the Minister to address the Association in her behalt. This was very soon after the career of Mr. Reverdy Johnson in England, when so many injudicious speeches had been manie by the Minister; and Mottey had been warned by the Government not to imitate his predecessor in this respect. I had known him refer to this injunction a score of times when urged to address public meetings in England, and he now began to axcuse himself to Miss Becker beause of his instructions, exactly as he had done on more important occasions. At this one house they were, and Miss Becker was entitled to consideration if only out of respect for their to consideration if only out of respect for their hoet.

Miss Becker finally declared that she was tired of the subject condition of woman, and for horself was determined no longer to submit to those trammels of civilization, women's clothes. She would free herself from them item and there. The old ladies turned pale, one venerable countess almost screamed, but Becker proceeded to tear off bonnet, wig, and even petiticoats, and stood revealed amid shouts of laughter—a slender youth, the relative of half the party present.

The best story I ever heard of an English dinser was told me by lord Houghton. He said he was present at Strawberry Hill whon its future mistress. Lady Waldegrave, made her first appearance there. She was then Miss Braham, and came to accompany her father, the famous tener, who had been nired to sing for the company. Lord Waldegrave and his natural brothur. Mr. Waldesrave, were present, both of whom Miss Braham afterward married. She arrived late, and room was made for her at table between the brothers. Lord Houghton declared that as she took her piace between these—to her superior personages—the roung advanturess mentally resolved to marry both of tham. The "New Guide of the Conversations in English and Pertuguese," known also by the title "English As She Is Spoke," is eclipsed by the legends that appear under some pictures exhibited in a William street cigar store. One picture yesterday represented a buil fighter barely cluding the horns of the bull and flourishing a red flag in the beast's face. This was said to be the "Matural Sort of Mu'ets;" another picture shows

the "Natural Sort of Mulets;" another picture shows the bull fighter plumring his award into the bull's nuck to kill him, and the title was gravely said to be, "Mercelving the Bull the Sinb."

Other pictures of the series are within the store. One of them shows the procession of meadure, matadors, or endors, banderlieros, Ac., saining the President. With more truth than elegance, the picture is labeled. "The Gaing Saining the President." In another, the beads delivers the "key where the bulls are shut my "to the other picture, the beads delivers the "key where the bulls are shut my to the other picture, and the bull is being excited, so that the beads delivers the "key where the bull are shut my to the other picture, and the picture pictures, is one of which the buil is being excited, so that its beaderlikers with the requisite amount of denger to aminoculaters with the requisite amount of denger to a mission of the bull for the luck of the flag of shocks sideward." The before really does not deserve to be suffered. The bull for the luck of the flag of shocks sideward." The picture really does not deserve to be suffered. One can fancy the artist and the translator breathing a sign of realies when, in the next picture, they showed the bull loaded with the banderilleron, and put under the picture the satisfactory words. "Fing sticks sidewards."